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**Michigan**  
**Pioneer Day**  
**Friday, Oct. 12,**  
**1906.**

**UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,**

**APR 17 1912**



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**By the State**  
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**Bulletin No. 20.**  
**1906.**

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JOHN D. PIERCE.

# PIONEER DAY PROGRAM

ISSUED BY

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

STATE OF MICHIGAN

FOR

PIONEER DAY, OCTOBER 12, 1906.

1805 - 1906

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LANSING, MICHIGAN  
WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO., STATE PRINTERS  
1906



*"Fair elbow-room for men to thrive in!  
Wide elbow-room for work or play!  
If cities follow, tracing our footsteps,  
Ever to westward shall point our way!  
Rude though our life, it suits our spirit,  
And new-born States in future years  
Shall own us founders of a nation,—  
And bless the hardy pioneers."*

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DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

*Lansing, Michigan, August 3, 1906.*

*To Teachers and Patrons:*

At the last meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society the Department was called upon to offer to those in attendance some ideas in regard to the cooperation of the public schools with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and in accordance with suggestions made at that time I present this pamphlet to the teachers, patrons, and school children of Michigan.

I take pleasure in suggesting that Friday, October 12, be set apart and fittingly observed as Pioneer Day, and I would recommend, as did my predecessor in office, that the second Friday in October of each year be recognized in the same manner. I know that the pamphlet presented by Mr. Fall to the teachers on this subject met with their approbation, and I believe that it has produced a new interest in the history of Michigan among the children of our State. It will be necessary for superintendents and teachers to cooperate in this work. I believe that the results will be of the highest educational value, for if we can instill into the minds of the rising generation ideas of respect and veneration for age and experience, we shall have taught it one very important lesson.

I recommend that the teachers request the children to prepare invitations and send them out into every home in the district, and that special invitations be given to the grandfathers and grandmothers. The program presented herewith need not be followed literally. It may be made the basis, however, of a very interesting meeting, and while the children will take part in recitations and appropriate selections, they should be required, also, to prepare papers or essays upon topics that will require study and research. These may be published in the local newspapers and preserved for future reference. Copies of them will be very thankfully received by the secretary of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society at Lansing. I recommend, also, that the papers bearing upon the history of the district, township, and county be preserved in some permanent form and become a part of the school district library.

I am aware that the teacher's life is a very busy one, but I feel sure that an entertainment of this kind in which some of the older persons take part will create a new interest in the public schools and really make the work of the teacher easier. My best wishes are with you for a pleasant and profitable day.

Very cordially yours,

*Patrick H. Keely.*

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

(This should be altered to suit localities, etc.)

Music.

Prayer.

Music.

Why we observe this day—By one of the school.

Recitation.

Music.

The pioneers of our township—By one of them.

Paper—The adoption of the State constitution.

Music.

Paper—Home life and customs of pioneers.

Recitation.

Music.

Paper—Some prominent pioneers of Michigan.

Recitation.

Music.

Paper—Transportation in Michigan.

Recitation.

Closing song.

## HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL DISTRICT.

The following outline may be used by the pupils in preparing a historical sketch of the school district. Copies of these sketches should be preserved, and it will be a very good idea to have some of them printed, framed, and hung in the schoolroom. A copy of them should also be sent to the Secretary of the State Pioneer and Historical Society at Lansing.

### OUTLINE.

1. Name of district and why so named.
2. Township.
3. When district was organized.
4. When and where first schoolhouse was built and cost of the same.
5. When present schoolhouse was built and cost of the same.
6. Name of the first director and of the first teacher.
7. Names and present addresses of the first residents of the district.
8. Name of the present residents of the district.
9. Names of all the teachers who have been employed, so far as known.
10. Size of the district in sections of land.
11. Population and valuation of the district.
12. Number included in the first school census and number at present.

In the same way the history of the township and county might be prepared. It would be an excellent plan to have some pupils present biographies of the first residents of the district. In these articles any legend or historical allusion that would be of interest should be mentioned.

As a part of the program it would be well to have some of the old residents still living in the district give a short talk on their recollections of their school days. It would be especially interesting to the children to have given a description of the household utensils and schoolhouse arrangements and appurtenances, and to have as many of these articles as possible on exhibition at the schoolhouse. The exhibit should include books, spinning wheels, reels, kettles, andirons, tongs, candlesticks, snuffers, etc. Every effort should be made to interest the older people of the district in the exercises, and to interest the children in the old people and the early history of the locality. The topics given on the succeeding page may be used from time to time in order to give the children some "search topics."

## SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

1. Original boundaries of Michigan.
2. Labors of Pere Marquette, LaSalle, Cadillac, other Jesuits and early explorers.
3. The Indians—Their legends and their wars.
4. Troubles with foreign powers.
5. Toledo war and acquisition of Upper Peninsula.
6. Houghton—His work and aims.
7. Territorial government and officers.
8. State government and officers.
9. Organization of counties and townships.
10. Mineral discoveries.
11. Our forests—Their past and future.
12. The growth of public schools—books and studies.
13. Michigan's unwritten history—King Strang and others.
14. Transportation—From the pack horse, canoe, and stage coach to the electric cars.
15. Development of charitable institutions.
16. Home life and customs of pioneers—Church privileges, dress, furniture, toys, books, amusements.
17. Primitive methods and present methods.
18. Our debt to the pioneer, the State, the State Pioneer and Historical Society.
19. What can we do to show our gratitude for present comforts?
20. How can we collect the early history of our State and gather relics for the museums?
21. Early traditions.
22. Indian mounds.
23. Life in the early days and at present.
24. Adoption of the State constitution.
25. Primary school fund (see Department report for 1903).

## ARTICLES IN MICHIGAN PIONEER COLLECTION.

Suitable for use in history classes of public schools.  
Arranged by Commissioner E. W. Baker.

### THE MOUND BUILDERS.

	VOL.	PAGE.
The mound builders and their work in Michigan.....	3	41
The mound builders in Michigan.....	3	202
The mound builders in Michigan.....	2	40
Ancient garden beds of Michigan.....	2	21
Mounds and mound builders of the Saginaw valley.....	4	379
Antiquities of Michigan .....	31	239

### THE INDIANS.

Our forerunners (History of Indians).....	18	600
The invasion of the Saginaw valley (Indian).....	28	642
The Michigan Indians .....	29	697
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### THE FRENCH PERIOD.

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## THE MORMONS.

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A short history of the Beaver Islands.....	32	176
A Moses of the Mormons.....	32	180
The Beaver Island prophet .....	32	225
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The southern and western boundaries of Michigan.....	27	346
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## RELATING TO U. S. HISTORY.

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## THE FOUNDERS OF MICHIGAN.

*James B. Angell.*

We should cherish with the highest respect the memory of the founders of this State. Among them were many of the most intelligent and enterprising men and women of Ohio, New York, New England, and Virginia. The men who drafted the first constitution of the State were men of large views and broad statesmanship. The friends of the educational system of Michigan should be especially grateful to the authors of the constitutional article on education. Isaac E. Crary of Marshall, a graduate of Trinity College, Connecticut, drafted that article, after much consultation with Rev. John D. Pierce, a graduate of Brown University, who was afterwards the first Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. Thanks to the wisdom of the fathers and to the generous love of education cherished by their successors, the school children of our day can see the path open to them through the district school and higher schools, to the normal schools, the agricultural college, the mining school, and the University, at moderate expense. No state is better provided than Michigan with facilities for every child to obtain an education which will fit him for any position in life.

## SELECTIONS.

## LIST OF SUITABLE SONGS.

America.	Old folks at home.
Annie Laurie.	Old black Joe.
Auld lang syne.	Old arm-chair.
Auld Robin Gray.	Old King Cole.
Ae fond kiss.	Rock me to sleep.
Ben Bolt.	Robin Adair.
Blue bells of Scotland.	Rock of ages.
Bonnie Doon.	Sword of Bunker Hill.
Comin' thro' the rye.	Song to our pioneers.
Dixie.	Star Spangled Banner.
Do they miss me at home?	Sweet and low.
Home, sweet home.	'Tis the last rose of summer.
Hail Columbia.	Three fishers.
John Brown's body.	The Campbells are comin'.
Lorena.	Why don't parents visit the school?
Michigan, my Michigan.	What are the wild waves saying.
My old Kentucky home.	Whistle and hoe.
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.	Yankee doodle.
Nellie Gray.	Your mission.
Old oaken bucket.	

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

*Anonymous.*

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?  
 'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
 To know that this moment some lov'd one  
 Were saying, "I wish he were here;"  
 To feel that the group at the fireside  
 Were thinking of me as I roam;  
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure  
 To know that they miss me at home,  
 To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season  
 That ever is sacred to song,  
 Does someone repeat my name over,  
 And sigh that I tarry so long?  
 And is there a chord in the music,  
 That, missed when my voice is away,  
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
 Regret at my wearisome stay?  
 Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair at the table,  
 When evening's home pleasures are nigh,  
 When the candles are lit in the parlor,  
 And the stars in the calm, azure sky?  
 And when the "good nights" are repeated,  
 And all lay them down to their sleep,  
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
 A whispered "good night" while they weep?  
 A whispered "good night" while they weep?

## DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me  
 At morning, at noon, or at night?  
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them  
 That only my presence can light?  
 And joys less invitingly welcome,  
 And pleasures less hale than before,  
 Because one is missed from the circle,  
 Because I am with them no more?  
 Because I am with them no more?

## THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

*Wallace.*

He lay upon his dying bed;  
 His eye was growing dim,  
 When with a feeble voice he call'd  
 His weeping son to him;  
 "Weep not, my boy!" the veteran said,  
 "I bow to Heaven's high will,  
 But quickly from yon antlers bring  
 The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye  
 Lit with a sudden flame;  
 And as he grasped the ancient blade,  
 He murmured Warren's name;  
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,  
 But what is richer still,  
 I leave you, mark me, mark me now,  
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread immortal day,  
 I dared the Briton's band,  
 A captain raised this blade on me,  
 I tore it from his hand;  
 And while the glorious battle raged,  
 It lightened freedom's will,  
 For, boy, the God of freedom blessed  
 The sword of Bunker Hill."

"Oh, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—  
 A smile—and he was dead—  
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade  
 Upon the dying bed.  
 The son remains; the sword remains—  
 Its glory growing still—  
 And twenty millions bless the sire,  
 And sword of Bunker Hill.

## THREE FISHERS.

*Charles Kingsley.*

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
 Out into the west as the sun went down;  
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep;  
 Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep;  
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
 For those who will never come back to the town;  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

## ROBIN ADAIR.

*Keppel.*

What's this dull town to me?  
 Robin's not near.  
 What was't I wish'd to see,  
 What wish'd to hear?  
 Where's all the joy and mirth  
 Made this town a heav'n on earth?  
 Oh, they're all fled with thee,  
 Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?  
 Robin Adair.  
 What made the ball so fine?  
 Robin was there.  
 What, when the play was o'er,  
 What made my heart so sore?  
 Oh, it was parting with  
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,  
 Robin Adair.  
 But now thou'rt cold to me,  
 Robin Adair.  
 Yet he I lov'd so well,  
 Still in my heart shall dwell;  
 Oh, I can ne'er forget  
 Robin Adair.

## PONTIAC'S TRAIL.

*Warren W. Lamport.*

Through the forests dark and deep,  
 Where the gloomy shadows creep,  
 And the night winds wall;  
 Deep in dust and leafy mold,  
 Worn by countless feet of old,  
 Stretches Pontiac's Trail.

O'er it one time wolf and bear,  
 Skulking from the forest lair,  
 Wandered to and fro;  
 And from out the stormy cloud  
 Screamed the eagle, shrill and loud,  
 To his mate below.

## DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Here the wounded, frightened prey  
 In the thicket hid away  
 From the hunter bold;  
 Here, beneath the pine tree's shade,  
 Oft the lover to his maid  
 Love's sweet story told.

And tall, painted forms swept by,  
 With the dreadful battle-cry  
 Sounding through the gloom.  
 Painted forms that came again  
 Proudly bearing captive men  
 To a captive's doom.

Comes no more the captive train;  
 Swells no more the warlike strain  
 Through the solitude;  
 Vanished every living trace  
 Of the olden, primal race,  
 Children of the wood.

Yet, methinks when pale moonbeams  
 Fall upon a world at dreams,  
 And the night winds wail,  
 Dusky forms in a single file  
 Still sweep through the forest aisle,  
 Over Pontiac's Trail.

## MICHIGAN, MY HOME.

*William B. Hamilton.*

There is a land, of all beneath the sun  
 As rich and fair as e'er he shines upon;  
 Two broad peninsulas spread far and wide,  
 Which four great lakes encircle and divide;  
 Those mighty waters their broad arms extend  
 And clasp this land as one would clasp a friend,  
 And to each breeze a genial influence lend.

Upon the bosom of their swelling tides,  
 The busy bark of commerce safely rides;  
 And in their teeming depths, so cool and clear,  
 The finny tribes in countless shoals appear,  
 And bring the fisherman a golden store,  
 Who plies his trade along the shelving shore.  
 And here and there across the broad domain  
 Of forest-crested hill and fertile plain,  
 Slow-winding rivers, glancing in the sun,  
 Enrich the valleys as they shoreward run;  
 No finer scheme appears in Nature's plan  
 To bless the labors of the husbandman.

After his keen-edged axe and horny hand  
 Have swept the forest from the mellow land,  
 When next the harvest moon with gentle mien  
 Looks down, amazed, upon a changeful scene,  
 Lo, waving harvests deck the happy plain,  
 And all the landscape laughs with golden gain.  
 There, fields of wheat bend low the ripened ear;  
 Tall ranks of maize stand softly rustling here;  
 Luxuriant oats present their dark array,  
 And human hearts, like Nature's face, are gay.

Look to the north, when Winter spreads his snows,  
 And see the lumberer deal his sturdy blows.  
 The lofty pine bows low its graceful crest  
 And yields its timbered wealth to East and West,  
 Look further, still, where rugged hills arise;  
 There the dark miner his vocation plies;  
 Blasting the hills, he 'xplores the toilsome mine  
 Where the rent rocks with hidden luster shine,  
 And silver, copper, iron, and coal produce  
 A wondrous store for every human use.

Such are the gifts which Nature's lavish hand  
 Has poured upon this highly favored land.  
 And when within this noble realm we see  
 A people brave, intelligent, and free,  
 Dwelling in peace in pleasant, stately homes  
 Where one might think no trouble ever comes;  
 When we behold the landscape thickly strewn,  
 As valleys with the leaves of autumn blown,  
 With lovely farms bedecked with orchard trees,  
 With noble cities, towns, and villages,  
 With churches topped with heaven-pointing spires,  
 With schoolhouses where Learning never tires,  
 With all that one might wish or hope to find  
 To satisfy the most fastidious mind,—  
 Well might one say, if from some foreign strand:  
 "Here will I stay; here's my adopted land."  
 Or if, perchance, by fav'ring fate more blest,  
 Here first a mother's tender arms caressed,  
 What patriot pride should thrill thro' all the man  
 As he exclaims: "My home! My Michigan!"

## NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

*Martin F. Tupper.*

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,  
 Where pleasure itself cannot please;  
 Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still  
 Affects to be quite at ease;  
 For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,  
 The freest is first in the band,  
 And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 Is a man with a heart in his hand!

Fearless in honesty, gentle, yet just,  
 He warmly can love and can hate,  
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,  
 To fashion's intolerant state;  
 For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,  
 Though lowly or poor in the land,  
 Is nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 The man with his heart in his hand!

*His* fashion is passion, sincere and intense,  
*His* impulses, simple and true;  
 Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,  
 And cordial with me, and with you;  
 For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,  
 Is *you*, man! or *you*, man! who stand  
 Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 A man with a heart in his hand!

## THE YANKEE BOY.

*John Pierpont.*

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,  
 Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,  
 The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye  
 Turns while he hears his mother's lullaby;  
 His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,  
 Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;  
 And, in the education of the lad,  
 No little part that implement hath had.

His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings  
 A growing knowledge of material things.  
 Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,  
 His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,  
 His elder popgun, with its hickory rod,  
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,  
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone  
 That murmurs from his pumpkin leaf trombone,  
 Conspire to teach the boy.

To these succeed

His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,  
 His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,  
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;  
 Or, if his father lives upon the shore,  
 You'll see his ship, beam ends upon the floor,  
 Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers stanch,  
 And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,  
 Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;  
 Make any gim-crack, musical or mute,  
 A plow, a coach, an organ, or a flute;  
 Make you a locomotive, or a clock,  
 Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,  
 Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;  
 Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,  
 From a child's rattle to a seventy-four.  
*Make it*, said I? Ay, when he undertakes it,  
 He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made, whether it be  
 To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,  
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,  
 Or upon land, to roll, revolve, or slide;  
 Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,  
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,  
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,  
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass;  
 For, when his hand's upon it, you may know  
 That there's *go* in it, and he'll *make* it go.

## THE NEEDLE.

*Samuel Woodworth.*

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling  
 In waltz or cotillion, at whist or quadrille;  
 And seek admiration by vauntingly telling  
 Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;  
 But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
 Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,

Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
While plying the needle with exquisite art:  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman, ever resistless and true,—  
A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,—  
'Tis this,—and his armory never has furnished  
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;  
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,  
And, oh! it is certain of touching the heart,  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration  
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;  
You *never*, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
As gayly convened at a work-covered table,  
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,  
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
And plying the needle with exquisite art:  
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

### LAKE SUPERIOR.

*Samuel Griswold Goodrich.*

Father of Lakes! thy waters bend  
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,  
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send  
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave  
Their twilight shade their borders o'er,  
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave  
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale silence, mid thy hollow caves,  
With listening ear, in sadness broods;  
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,  
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide  
Across thy breast like things of air,  
Chase from thy lone and level tide  
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,  
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,  
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,  
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings  
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,  
A sudden, startling image brings  
To the lone traveler's kindled eye.

The gnarled oak and braided boughs, that show  
Their dim forms in the forest shade,  
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw  
Fantastic horrors through the glade.



## DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The very echoes round this shore  
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;  
 For they have told the war-whoop o'er,  
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!  
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!  
 Roll on, thou element of blue,  
 And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man,—  
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,  
 Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan  
 Deems as a bubble all your waves!

## THE PIONEERS.

*Charles Mackay.*

Rouse! brothers, rouse! we've far to travel,  
 Free as the winds we long to roam,  
 Far through the prairie, far through the forest,  
 Over the mountains we'll find a home.  
 We cannot breathe in crowded cities,  
 We're strangers to the ways of trade;  
 We long to feel the grass beneath us,  
 And ply the hatchet and the spade.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands  
 Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn;  
 Needing our presence, courting our labor;—  
 Why should we linger like men forlorn?  
 We love to hear the ringing rifle,  
 The smiting axe, the falling tree;—  
 And though our life be rough and lonely,  
 If it be honest, what care we?

Fair elbow-room for men to thrive in!  
 Wide elbow-room for work or play!  
 If cities follow, tracing our footsteps,  
 Ever to westward shall point our way!  
 Rude though our life, it suits our spirit,  
 And new-born States in future years  
 Shall own us founders of a nation,—  
 And bless the hardy pioneers.

## BILL AND JOE.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
 The shining days when life was new,  
 And all was bright with morning dew,  
 The lusty days of long ago,  
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
 And mine as brief appendix wear  
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
 Today, old friend, remember still  
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With HON. and LL. D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see,—  
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,—"  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling by his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—  
Those calm stern eyes, that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go,—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—  
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears,  
In some sweet lull of harp and song  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

#### THE OLD MILL.

*Thomas Dunn English.*

Here from the brow of the hill I look,  
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,  
On the gray old mill with its gambrel roof,  
And the moss on its rotting eaves.  
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,  
And the rushing water's sound,  
And I see the black floats rise and fall  
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,  
 With my grist on the horse before,  
 And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,  
 As I waited my turn at the door;  
 And while she tossed her ringlets brown,  
 And flirted and chatted so free,  
 The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,  
 It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood  
 On the spot where I stand today,  
 And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,  
 And the mill and I are gray.  
 But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,  
 To our fortune of toil are bound;  
 And the man goes, and the stream flows,  
 And the wheel moves slowly round.

### OUR HOMESTEAD.

*Phoebe Cary.*

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
 From the wayside dust aloof,  
 Where the apple-boughs could almost cast  
 Their fruit upon its roof;  
 And the cherry tree so near it grew  
 That when awake I've lain  
 In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs  
 As they creaked against the pane;  
 And those orchard trees, oh those orchard trees!  
 I've seen my little brothers rocked  
 In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,  
 Which the early birds made glad,  
 And the damask rose by the garden-fence,  
 Were all the flowers we had.  
 I've looked at many a flower since then,  
 Exotics rich and rare,  
 That to other eyes were lovelier  
 But not to me so fair;  
 For those roses bright, oh those roses bright!  
 I have twined them in my sister's locks,  
 That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,  
 Where the spring was never dry,  
 And the cool drops down from the mossy stones  
 Were falling constantly,  
 And there never was water half so sweet  
 As the draught which filled my cup,  
 Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep  
 That my father's hand set up.  
 And that deep old well, oh that deep old well!  
 I remember now the plashing sound  
 Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
 Where at night we loved to meet;  
 There my mother's voice was always kind,  
 And her smile was always sweet;  
 And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
 And watched his thoughtful brow,  
 With my childish hand in his raven hair,—  
*That hair is silver now!*

But that broad hearth's light, oh that broad hearth's light!  
 And my father's look, and my mother's smile,  
 They are in my heart tonight!

## THE RAINY DAY.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary.  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary.  
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all;  
 Into each life some rain must fall;  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

## OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

*Will Carleton.*

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;  
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.  
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—  
 And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in these nineteen or twenty years!  
 Wonder it hadn't smashed in and tumbled about our ears;  
 Wonder it stuck together, and answered till today;  
 But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built;  
 And things that blossomed you would've made some women wilt;  
 And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,  
 My neighbor Ager came this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and sad,  
 For wolves and bears and wild cats was the nearest ones you had;  
 But lookin' ahead to the clearin' we worked with all our might,  
 Until we was fairly out of the woods and things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?  
 Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;  
 All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,  
 And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log house—how little it now appears!  
 But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;  
 An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—  
 There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,  
 When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:  
 We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over the house that's new,  
 But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun;  
 Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;  
 And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,  
 Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheerin' words;  
 Loud was the squirrel's chatter and sweet the song of birds;  
 And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—  
 And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear;  
 Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?  
 Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,  
 And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;  
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;  
 But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,  
 There's precious things in this old house that we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before:  
 Winds will whistle through it and rains will flood the floor;  
 And over the hearth, once blazing, the snowdrifts oft will pile,  
 And the old things will seem to be a mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,  
 But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;  
 And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,  
 Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.

#### THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

*Eliza Cook.*

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
 I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start;  
 Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
 The gentle words that mother would give  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
 She told me that shame would never betide  
 With Truth for my creed and God for my guide;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,  
 When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray;  
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,  
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow;  
 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,

And memory flows with lava tide.  
 Say 'tis folly, and deem me weak,  
 Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;  
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

*Florence Percy.*

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,  
 Make me a child again just for tonight!  
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
 I am so weary of toil and of tears—  
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—  
 Take them, and give me my childhood again;  
 I have grown weary of dust and decay—  
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;  
 Weary of sowing for others to reap;  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
 Blossomed, and faded our faces between,  
 Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain  
 Long I tonight for your presence again.  
 Come from the silence so long and so deep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
 No love like mother-love ever has shown;  
 No other worship abides and endures—  
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:  
 None like a mother can charm away pain  
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;  
 Let it drop over my forehead tonight,  
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;  
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
 Since I last listened to your lullaby song;  
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,  
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
 Never hereafter to wait or to weep;—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geesiz, the great sun, behold me!

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the frame-work.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!  
Of your balsam and you resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river,  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,



Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
 With his feet the ooze and tangle.  
 And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
 Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
 Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
 Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
 While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.  
 Up and down the river went they.  
 In and out among its islands,  
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
 Made its passage safe and certain,  
 Made a pathway for the people,  
 From its springs among the mountains,  
 To the waters of Pauwating,  
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

#### HOW THE ARBUTUS CAME TO MICHIGAN.

*Hulda T. Hollands.*

Long, long ago, before the world was all finished, a very old man lived alone in his lodge, which stood on the bank of a stream near the edge of a dark forest.

Outside snow and ice were everywhere, for it was winter. The spirit of the North Wind roamed through the forest searching every tree and bush for birds to chill, and chasing the evil Manitous over hill and dale.

Every day the old man went out through the forest hunting for wood to feed his fire, and although he was dressed in the warmest furs, he shivered with the cold.

At last the snow became so deep that he could not find the wood and he was obliged to return to his lodge without it. He was cold and hungry, and in despair threw himself down beside the few dull coals that were still smouldering and called aloud to Mauna-Boosha, the great and good Manitou, beseeching him to come to his rescue lest he perish.

At that moment the wind lifted the fur hangings at the door and there appeared before him a beautiful maiden. Her eyes were large and glowing, her cheeks were stained with wild roses, her hair was like the raven's plumage, and so long that it touched the ground when she walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds, and on her head was a wreath of pale pink blossoms. Her breath was odorous as a morn in spring and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm. Her robe was long and trailing, and was covered with sweet grasses and ferns, her moccasins were made of white lilies.

"Thou art welcome, my daughter," said the old man. "My lodge is cold, but it will shield thee from the storm. Come, tell me who thou art. I am a mighty manitou. I blow my breath, and the streams cease to flow. The running waters stand still."

"I breathe softly," replied the maiden, "and beautiful flowers spring up all over the prairies."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and the leaves run away like a flock of frightened birds and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," the maiden whispered softly, "and the warm rains fall from the clouds and drench the parched earth, the flowers lift up their heads, and the little bubbles splash over the growing streams like young plovers."

"When I walk about," continued the old man, "the leaves fall from the trees, and when I shout the tempest rides screaming on the wings of the North Wind. At my command, the animals hide in their holes and the birds fly away."

"When I walk about," the maiden responded, "the plants awaken and lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds return to their nests, and all who see me sing for joy."

The old man made no further reply, his head drooped on his breast, and he slept. Then the sun came back, and a bluebird called:

"*Sayee, sayee, I am thirsty,*" and the river called back in reply:

"I am free! I am free, come and drink."

Then the maiden passed her hands above the old man's head and he grew small. A murmuring stream of water ran out of his mouth and his clothing turned to green leaves. Kneeling by his side she took from his bosom long sprays of odorous pink flowers and hid them among the leaves, she breathed upon them, saying as she did so:

"I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pluck thee must do so on bended knee."

She then moved away, leaving behind her an odorous pink trail, and wherever her moccasined feet left a print in the moist sod the trailing arbutus grows, and nowhere else.

#### OLD AUNT MARY'S.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,  
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,  
And we went visiting, "me and you,"  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!  
Though I am as bald as you are gray—  
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,  
We patter along in the dust again,  
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood  
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,  
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,  
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky,  
And lolled and circled, as we went by  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;  
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;  
And the long highway, with sunshine spread  
As thick as butter on country bread,  
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,  
Where the little gourds grew up the sides, and o'er  
The clapboard roof. And her face—ah, me!  
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—  
And wasn't it good for a boy to be  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,  
This is to tell you she waits today  
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell  
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell  
The boys to come!" And all is well  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

#### THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

*Will Carleton.*

Well, when I first infested this retreat,  
Things to my view look'd frightful incomplete;  
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,  
And brought my wife and plunder right along;

I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,  
And if I had there was no railroad track;  
And driving East was what I couldn't endure;  
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,  
And helped me every blessed way she could;  
She seem'd to take to every rough old tree,  
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.  
She kep' our little log house neat as wax,  
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.  
She hadn't the muscle (though she had the heart)  
In outdoor work to take an active part;  
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see,—  
That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhood meant counties in those days;  
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;  
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—  
And much less talk with—any one but me.  
The Indians sometimes show'd their sun-baked faces,  
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;  
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,  
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;  
And finally I thought that I could trace  
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.

One night, when I came home unusual late,  
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,  
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow  
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);  
And, when I went to milk the cows, and found  
They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,  
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,  
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,  
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:  
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,  
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.  
The heft of all our life on me must fall;  
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech,—it hadn't been gone half a minute  
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;  
And I'd have given all I had, and more,  
To've only safely got it back in-door.  
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:  
I feel today as if I'd give it all,  
Provided I through fifty years might reach  
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;  
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;  
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and look'd me o'er,  
Like someone she had never seen before!  
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise  
I never view'd before in human eyes.  
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;  
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted,  
With dinner-pail and sharpen'd axe I started  
Away for my day's work, she watch'd the door,  
And followed me half way to it or more;  
And I was just a-turning round at this,  
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss;  
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,  
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;

